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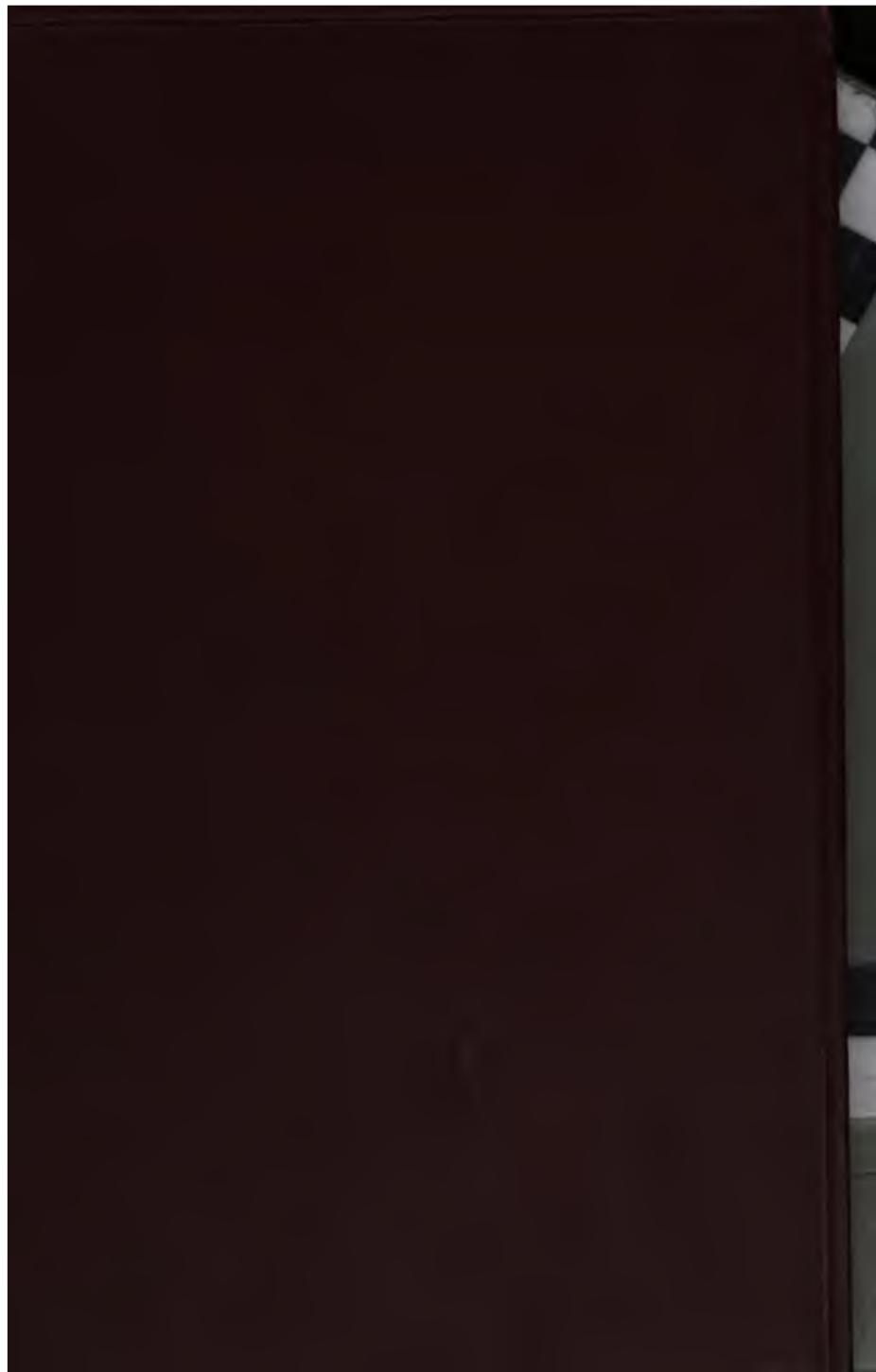
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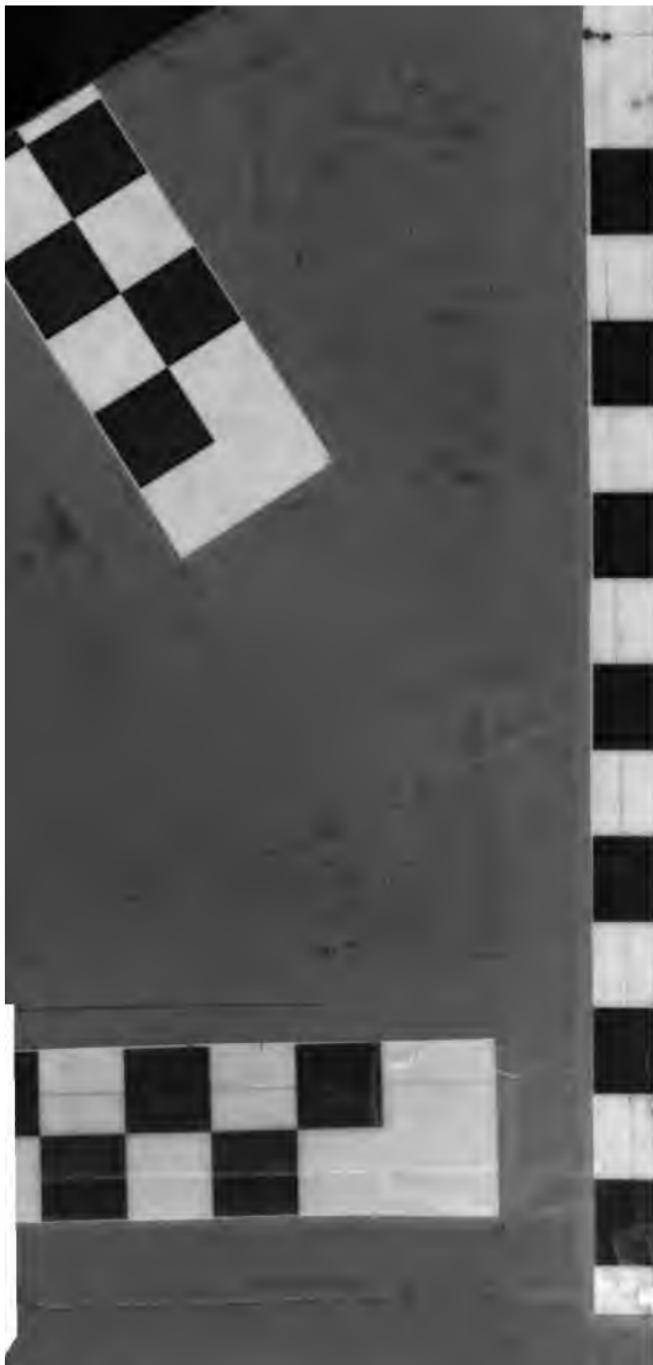
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I O N A

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

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TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
EDWARD
LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN
LATE REGIUS PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY
IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE TWELVE YEARS
AT CHRIST CHURCH
DURING WHICH HIS PRESENCE
WAS TO ALL WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM
AT ONCE A BRIGHTNESS AND A STAY.

ADVERTISEMENT

A FEW of the pieces in this little volume were published anonymously many years ago, and now appear with more or less of alteration. Three others are included in the writer's *Private Prayers for a Week*. The 'Litany of the Resurrection,' the 'Hymn on the Name of Jesus,' and the 'Hymn for a Church of St. Augustine,' were contributed for local Church use; and the 'Hymn before Ordination' was written at the kind request of the late deeply lamented Bishop of Ely. The lines on 'Truro Cathedral in 1880' appeared in the *Guardian* of that year. In some instances it has been attempted to put into metrical form the counsel

of approved guides in regard to temptation or other spiritual troubles ; in another case a like endeavour has been made to represent the teaching of Hooker and Pearson, and of earlier and later masters in Christian theology, on the central doctrine of the Christian faith.

October 29, 1885.

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Iona.

'We were now treading that illustrious island.'—JOHNSON.

Two summer days on Icolmkill—
Two days, but thirty years apart !
Well may it keep unbroken still
Its spell of power o'er mind and heart :
That shore may bask in light serene,
Or clouds may o'er those ruins weep ;
'Tis all one grandly mournful scene
Of glory blent with pathos deep.

A measured hour ! the time is short
For pilgrims to the sacred isle ;
We take the pathway from the port,
And gaze on Oran's roofless pile ;

A

The buried kings—we leave them all,
 And pace the Minster's choir and nave
 Then mark, beside the western wall,
 What reverent ages called a grave.¹

Bend low the head ; give thanks with awe ;
 It rises through the mist of years,
 That life that could from Alban draw
 The tribute of her loyal tears ;
 A life that no romance could paint,
 Whose brightness in its tenderest ray
 Recalls the loved and loving Saint
 Who on the Master's bosom lay.²

With dauntless heart and cheerful face,³
 For God Columba played the man ;

¹ See Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 303 ff.

² That, according to the oldest evidence, gentleness predominated in Columba's character, see Skene, ii. 146.

³ 'Hilarem semper faciem ostendens sanctam.'—Adamnan, *Vit. S. Col. Praef.* 2.

O what a mighty work of grace
On that fair Whitsun-eve began !¹
He bore to isle and strath and wood
A lamp of Pentecostal fire,
And won himself a fatherhood
Revered from Orkney to Cantire.

We see him stand beside Loch Ness,
Amid a furious Heathen throng ;
The fierce-eyed Druids round him press,
All angered by his vesper-song ;
In vain they rave ; his chant springs high,
Its thunders make their proudest quail :
' In splendour clad, with sword on thigh,
Go forth, O Mightiest, and prevail ! '²

Behold again : on Skye's rough shore,
An old man at his feet they lay,

¹ See Lanigan, Eccl. Hist. of Ireland, ii. 114, and Reeves' Adamnan, p. 311, for the tradition that he landed in Hy on the eve of Pentecost (A.D. 563).

² Adamnan, Vit. S. Col. i. 37, and Reeves' note. See the Duke of Argyll's Iona, p. 124.

Who, all untrained in Christian lore,
 Had walked where conscience led the way :
 He takes the pearl of priceless worth,
 The creed our Saint had come to bring,
 Through water wins a second birth,
 And passes to his new-found King.¹

Once more : the Abbot goes to meet
 The 'dear-loved' prelate of Strathclyde,
 Whose welcome is an anthem sweet,—
 'Most Upright ! be the just man's guide.'
 Hark how responsive blessings flow,
 Poured from Columba's choral band :
 'From strength to strength right onward go,
 Till in the Presence-court ye stand.'²

That force was his which love must win ;
 Though deep his skill in penance-lore,

¹ Adamnan, i. 33.

² Vit. S. Kentegerni, c. 39, in Bishop Forbes's Lives of SS. Ninian and Kentigern, p. 230. Kentigern's appellation of Munghu is composed of two words, meaning *gentle* and *dear*.—Ibid. p. 327.

And stern his voice to rampant sin,
For helpless ones his heart flowed o'er ;
His care the wearied heron fed
Till strengthened to recross the sea ;¹
The child would haste to lay its head
With trustful fondness on his knee.²

Men said, his arms, upraised in prayer,
Brought straightway home his labouring bark ;
That to his prophet-mind lay bare
The solemn future's secrets dark ;
That to his hands was largely given
The might of wonder-work and sign ;
That bright ones oft would stoop from heaven
Around his angel-course to shine.

Who knoweth all the truth of this ?
We know to whom his heart was tied,
Whose altar was his place of bliss,
Till on its steps the old man died :

¹ Adamnan, i. 48 ; compare iii. 23.

² Ibid. i. 9.

Warned by the dread of coming loss,
 The brethren crowd the torch-lit aisle ;
 They prop his arm, he signs the Cross,
 With blessing mute and parting smile.¹

So passed he to the Church above ;
 And sweetly round his burial-sod
 Blossomed his lore of 'peace and love' ;
 There Oswald learned to reign for God ;
 There Aidan spake among his peers,
 'O gently deal with souls untaught !'²
 And still Northumbrian hearts it cheers
 To think of all their Aidan wrought.

O'er Mercia streamed Iona's light,
 And distant Essex heard her name,³
 And far and wide her lamp was bright,
 Till darkness with the Northmen came :⁴

¹ Adamnan, iii. 23. ² Bede, iii. 5. ³ Ibid. iii. 21, 22.

⁴ In 802 and 806 ; see Skene, ii. 290.

Yet where they left a blood-stained path,
In fairer form her structures rose :
Ah, woe ! that wild fanatic wrath
Should be her story's tragic close.

Too oft that story counts for nought,
Nor reverence wins, nor sympathy,
From gazers unprepared by thought
To value what they crowd to see :
And if they read what Johnson wrote,
What Johnson felt is past their ken,
Who, while the mouldering walls they note,
Forget the grace shed forth on men.

But well we know, Columba's strand
Is holy while its memories live ;
And still one lesson from his hand
To pilgrim hearts may comfort give :
On those last words his pen could trace
New sunshine let his life outpour ;

‘Who fear the Lord, and seek His face,
Shall lack no gift in all His store.’¹

¹ ‘Inquirentes autem Dominum non *deficient* omni bono;’
Adamnan, iii. 23, following the old Italic version of our Psalm
xxxiv v. 10.

St. Margaret of Scotland.

‘THE King sits in Dunfermline town,—
So runs the lay of Patrick Spence ;
Nor can the light of Scotland’s crown
By utmost change be banished thence,—

A light through eight long ages shed ;
For though that mouldering palace-wall
Beheld his birth, whose ‘comely head’¹
Was bowed to murderers at Whitehall ;

And though yon tower, in quaint device,
Presents the patriot monarch’s name,
Whose dust beneath the pavement lies,
Who saved his realm from thraldom’s shame ;

¹ Andrew Marvell, ‘Horatian Ode.’

Yet earlier memories haunt us here,
Within this royal abbey nave,
Where every solemn Norman pier
Bears Durham's likeness, stern and grave.

It tells of a serener time,
Ere failure of the kingly race
O'ershadowed Scotland's golden prime,
And left unfilled her sovereign place.

Ah, happy years, when o'er the land
A happy influence rested yet :
The touch of one strong tender hand,—
The blessing left by Margaret.

She, England's daughter, Scotland's Queen,
Deemed it fair work for queenly days,
By wise persuasiveness to wean
Her Malcolm's folk from barbarous ways ;

To break the spell of brutish might,
For order, knowledge, art find room,
And bid the Church's altar-light
Shine out and chase the loveless gloom.¹

And he, unapt her heights to reach,
Yet knew her for a ' pearl ' indeed ;
Transferred her lore to Celtic speech,
And kissed the books he could not read.

Though, David-like, much blood he spilt,
Yet, as her wish was oft his law,
A house for God the warrior built,
The first that high Dunfermline saw.

And here she prayed, and laboured too :
For hers that genuine saintliness,
Which keeps the life at all points true,²
Loves God the more, not man the less.

¹ Vit. S. Marg. c. 8, in Symeon of Durham, i., Surtees Soc. p. 244. ² Freeman, Reign of William Rufus, ii. 20.

Her deeds were one with what she taught,
And so her words had force divine ;
She made pure life and pious thought
Traditions of her children's line.

And when at last in Edin-dun
The wife and mother dying lay,
And tidings came that spouse and son
Had fallen in one disastrous day,

Not e'en that anguish could o'erpass
Her strength of faith to trust and bear ;
And words long known through daily Mass
Could fitly frame her parting prayer.¹

'Lord Christ !' she sighed with faltering breath,
'Who, working out Thy Father's will,
To give us life didst take our death,
Deliver me'—and all was still.

¹ The prayer, 'Domine Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi,' before the priest's communion. Margaret expired after uttering the words 'Libera me' (Nov. 16, 1093). See Vit. S. Marg. c. 13.

St. Magnus.

'MID wild sea-fight, 'Come, show the Norseman
blood,'

Quoth Magnus, king, to Magnus, Erlend's son :

'Why should I strike, where quarrel I have none ?

He answered, and with open Psalter stood

High on the prow, and, full in front of death,

Sang 'Praise the Lord, whate'er hath life and
breath.'¹

He lived, to rule his folk, his life to crown

When, doomed by victor foes in Egilsay,

Whose trembling henchman stole behind to slay,

'Look in my face,' he cried, 'and strike me down.'²

So, making final prayer, and scorning plaint,

Died the good Earl ; and Orkney knew her Saint,

¹ *Orkneyinga Saga*, ed. Anderson, c. 29.

² *Ibid.* c. 39 ; April 16, 1115.

And shaped her loyal love in towering stone
Piled o'er his grave, the marvel of the North,¹
O'er sound and bay and mainland looking forth
In grave magnificence unique, alone,
With magnet force for pilgrims, even as we
Have hailed it thrice : a glorious thing to see

That solemn minster lift its steepled head
O'er subject Kirkwall nestling at its base,
And stand entire in form, unrefr of grace,
The long stern outline tinged with softest red ;
And while we could not feel its grandeur less,
It seemed each day to grow in loveliness,

Type of the City reared by piercèd Hand,
Where various energies conspiring meet,
Where love is royal, and where force is sweet,
And goodness proves its right to high command,

¹ Orkneyinga Saga, c. 70. The Cathedral of Kirkwall was begun by Magnus's nephew, Earl Ronald, in 1137 or 1138.—Sir H. Dryden, Description of the Church of St. Magnus, p. 16.

And virtues widen through their second birth,
And meek souls reign, inheriting the earth.

Grace builds on nature ; sweetness from the strong
Flows at her touch,¹ and leaves the strength more
true ;
So lives the old, transfigured into new ;
And so a Magnus, caught up from the throng
Of wills intense, and fired by love divine,
Takes rank, O spotless Christ ! in Thy pure
princely line.

¹ *Judg. xiv. 14.*

Linlithgow.

STILL in its royal height of place
The Stuarts' ruined palace stands,
Not robbed of all its stately grace
By English troopers' brutal hands.

Above Linlithgow's ancient town,
With guardian lake on north and west,
Its mournful majesty looks down
Like one whose toil has closed in rest.

All peaceful now ; but while we pass
Through hall and chapel, court and stair,
Lo, History lifts her solemn glass,
With fated sovereigns mirrored there.

A pensive face we first discern ;
Ah, Prince too cultured for thy day,
Whom battle spared at Sauchieburn
For guileful hate to seek and slay !

Then, guiltless of that murderous work,
His gallant son who could not yield
To warnings in yon minster-kirk,
But proved them true on Flodden field.

And he, the Commons' generous King,
To whose sad heart, with grief outworn,
No comfort could the message bring,—
'A Princess in Linlithgow born !'

He turned him to the wall, and died :
Ah ! seemed he not to presage then
What misery would a girl betide
Through kingship hard for knightly men ?

See, westward lies the lofty room
Where Mary first drew feeble breath ;
And southward, in the archway's gloom,
They laid proud Murray down in death.

But somewhat on that northern pile
An English heart more deeply stirs :
Two letters of his princely style ¹
Unite her grandson's doom with hers.

Then, if we need a cheering thought
To break this tragic tale of kings,
See here, on wall and portal wrought,
The gracious form of Angel wings.

That church, though marred by chilling rite,
Still stands entire—in Scotland too !
And keeps his image, full in sight,
Who cast from heaven the rebel crew.

¹ The initials 'C. P.' on the northern side of the Palace quadrangle, built in 1617.

And o'er a well in yon wide street
The same high patron's face we find ;
And read, below, this legend sweet,
‘Saint Michael is to strangers kind.’

To us Thy help, O Father, still
Through heavenly ministers dispense ;
And make us so to love Thy will,
As ne'er to lose that strong defence.

Glenfinnan.

ON tall white pillar fairly wrought,
See, Charles's image fronts the glen,
As if his listening ear had caught
The pibroch of the Cameron men.

A moment,—and through fancy's light,
'Mid whirl of cap and flash of brand,
The silken folds of red and white
Stream out from Tullibardine's hand.

And lingering on the marshy green,
While o'er Loch Shiel the sunbeams glance,
We call up each inspiring scene
In History's brightest, last romance ;

Wherein he fills the hero-part,
Whose bearing showed the soul within ;
Whose tender, generous, gallant heart
So passionate a love could win.

And yet we feel, his sheer defeat
Was sheer escape for our free realm ;
She knew his race was all unmeet
To grasp and guide her royal helm.

Ah, spotless Rose of Forty-five,
So sadly spared for long decay !
'Twas no exemption to survive
The victims of Culloden's day :

For what remained?—A death-in-life
Of tortured pride and bitterness ;¹
To grieve a sire, and wound a wife,
And drown despair in coarse excess ;

¹ See Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches, p. 247.

His old high nature to reverse,
To cloud a princely past with shame,
And e'en from fondest eyes disperse
The glamour of the Stuart name.

Whithern.

O WELL might royal pilgrims humbly stand
Where minster ruins on a bush-clad height
Recall the earlier church, by saintly hand
 Built Roman-wise, in stone of glistening white,
 And called by Martin's name,—a place of light
To darkling souls along the Solway shore ;
 Known far as Clyde for works of grace and might,
And sought from Erin's coast for sacred lore.¹
 Change follows change through all the ages' flight,
But Ninian's name is fragrant evermore.

¹ Bishop Forbes, *Lives of SS. Ninian and Kentigern*, pp. xlii, lxi, 292.

Scottish Reminiscences.

PAST pleasures are not wholly past ;
Those Northern scenes of long ago
In Memory's light still freshly glow,
The first as vivid as the last :
See there St. Mungo's reverend pile,
Loch Lomond gemmed with many an isle,
The garden flowers of Inversnaid,
The opening Trossachs' birchen glade ;

And foamy Bracklinn's cleft-worn bed,
The graves on green Balquhidder's hill,
Glenogle desolate and still,
The friendly roof of Locearnhead,
The broken ramparts of Kilchurn,
Glenorchy's road and swollen burn,

And, faintly tipped with lingering snow,
The awful barriers of Glencoe.

And down the pass, that tragic spot
Where base Glenlyon's victims died ;
Those glittering steeps on Nevis side ;
That morning's gladness unforgot,
When minster bells at Inverness
Might seem the very air to bless ;
That lingering on Culloden's heath,
By stones that say, 'Clans lie beneath.'

Again I see, in wilds of Ross,
The beauteous lake that bears the name
Of one that from Iona came
To preach the Faith in Applecross ;¹
And, mellowed by the vesper ray,
That glorious mass of ruin grey
That towers o'er Elgin's wealth of green,
Of Scotland's minsters once the queen.

¹ St. Maelrubha, or 'Maree,' came into the district in 673, and died 722.—Reeves' Adamnan, pp. 376, 382.

Dark lochs and mountains of Argyll !

Ye cast your grandeur on the way
To Brander's pass, and Oban's bay,
And Fingal's cave, and Columb's isle ;
And lo ! the wondrous peaks of Skye,
In forms fantastic towering high,
From Sligachan's recesses lone
To steep Quiraing's cliff-circled cone.

And saw we e'er so weird a place
As where the Dochart waters sweep,
And on the fir-clad islet sleep
The dead of an extinguished race ?
We've wiled a sunny hour away
On the broad bosom of Loch Tay,
And walked where wood and stream combine
Dunkeld in beauty to enshrine.

And lo ! the wreath of hills displayed
Where those twin meadows Perth embrace ;
And all Dunedin's pride and grace
By frequent sojourns homelike made ;

The long, high-storied, frowning street,
Sad Holyrood, and Arthur's Seat,
The terrace bright, the gardens fair,
The Scottish Lion's fortress-lair.

And we have seen St. Mary's grow
From yard-high stones to spire sublime ;
Heaven grant, for Scotland's coming time
A guiding light !—and well we know
Rich Roslin, hallowing all the glen
That leads to caverned Hawthornden ;
The ruined splendour of Melrose,
And lovely Dryburgh's deep repose,

Watching o'er dear Sir Walter's grave ;
His well-loved Kelso's massive tower
Emerging from its leafy bower ;
And Jedburgh's stately length of nave ;
Dumfries, that saw life's darkest gloom
For Burns anticipate the tomb ;

And that fair Abbey reared above
The heart that claimed a widow's love.¹

See Ailsa, couched amid the deep ;
The shepherd-crowd at Lanark inn ;
The rush of Clyde at Cora-linn—
A lesser Foyers—o'er its steep ;
Old Stirling's realm-securing rock,
Fit prize of Bruce's battle shock ;
The curves of Forth across the plain,
The peerless arches of Dunblane.

And o'er St. Andrews bay look down
Vast wrecks of old magnificence ;
What wrought the city's decadence,
But loss of her primatial crown,—
A glory ne'er to be restored ?
We've paced the streets of Bon-Accord,

¹ Sweetheart Abbey, founded by Devorgilla de Balliol in 1275. Her husband's head was enshrined near the altar.—Walcott, Ancient Church of Scotland, p. 288.

And stood where once, resounding far,
The Stuart war-cry roused Braemar.

Amid Loch Rannoch's hills supreme
Soars up Schiehallion's moonlit spire ;
Beneath the glowing noontide's fire
We seek the church by Tummel's stream ;
We've looked on Blair's white castle-wall,
On Fender's and on Bruar's fall,
And mused, by rushing Garry's bed,
On Claver'se in his triumph dead.

But cravings for the veriest North
Drew us to Thurso far away,
And Scotland's end at Duncansbay,
O'er restless Pentland sped us forth,
And set us where that mighty fane
Prolongs a saintly memory's reign,
And mystery's solemn veil is thrown
O'er burial-mound and rings of stone.¹

¹ Maeshowe and Stennis.

And northward yet from Kirkwall pier,
And out amid the gloomy seas
That stretch beyond the Orcades,
Till Sumburgh cliffs their heads uprear :
Each day at Lerwick we discern
Fresh beauty in that landscape stern ;
And once, o'er many an ocean mile,
Pass many a cape, till evening's smile
Broods calm o'er Shetland's furthest isle.

Irish Reminiscences.

FAIR Isle, our fathers did thee wrong ;
Their sons are labouring to be just,
But meet repulse : ‘Too late, too long !
Dark memories will not let me trust.’
Yet many an age ere Strongbow came,
Thy soil was red with gore and flame,
And all thy Saints had ne’er subdued
Their clansmen’s thirst for fight and feud.

What gave success to Dermid’s guilt,
And Roderick’s kingly house discrowned ?—
Oh, blame the Saxon as thou wilt,
Thy griefs have root in native ground ;
Thy race is like a brilliant soul,
That lacks no gift but self-control ;

Yet might not fairer, kinder sway
Have trained their hearts in Order's way ?

Such training was not given ; and now !
We travellers catch thy gayest mood ;
But oft above that sunny brow
The mists of gloom or sorrow brood ;
A funeral tone of wild lament
With all thy mirth is strangely blent ;
It haunts us wheresoe'er we go,
That sad tradition of thy woe.

It haunts us 'mid each goodly scene,
Along the vale, or up the steep ;
Among Glengarriff's pathways green,
Or where Killarney's waters sleep ;
Where Dargle foams through veiling wood,
Or Limerick reigns o'er Shannon's flood,
Or Spanish work on sordid wall
Betrays the depth of Galway's fall ;

Where at Dunree the Atlantic tide
Sweeps proudly in from Fanad Head ;
Where shadows o'er Lough Swilly glide,
Where exiles from Rathmullen fled ;¹
By leafy Westport's central rill,
In sight of Patrick's sacred hill ;
Or where, like gem by monarch worn,
Rosstrevor gleams on breast of Mourne ;

Where Shandon's tuneful steeple flings
Its plaintive sweetness o'er the Lee ;
Where Connaught saw her new-made kings
Keep state on lordly Knocknaree ;
Where stands the fort on Aileach's crest,
The northern chieftains' eagle-nest ;
Where verdant lines of mound recall
The Ard-Righ's court in Tara's hall ;

¹ 'The flight of the Earls' of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who sailed from Rathmullen on Lough Swilly ('the Lake of Shadows') for France, in September 1607.

Where he that sees the Nore's bright stream
Below Kilkenny's bridges pass,
May picture in historic dream
‘Confederates’ met for solemn Mass ;
Where Wicklow's mountain-range is rife
With images of fiercer strife ;
Where Howth looms dark o'er Dublin Bay ;
Where summer loves to smile on Bray.

Yet more,—’mid groups of churches seven
In Glendalough and Scattery Isle ;
Where many a tower uplifts to heaven
The circles of its shapely pile ;
Where roofless chapels seem to breathe
A blessing on the graves beneath ;
Where still from Cashel's rock look down
The fragments of its glorious crown ;

Or where a dead Cathedral lies
On lonesome heights of Aghadoe ;

Where Bridget's home yet testifies
To Celtic faith's pure pristine glow ;
Where mournful wrecks of temples twain
In Devenish speak of 'dear Lasrean,'¹
And one tall cross with pleading Form
Survives the devastating storm.

But if there be a single spot
More desolate than all beside,
Where all that was, and now is not,
Seems gathered up and typified,
'Tis in the melancholy waste
With those majestic ruins graced,
Whose very stones might find a voice
To tell the tale of Clonmacnois !

Short time had Kieran there to build,
When, early summoned to his rest,

¹ Commonly called St. Mo-laise, *Mo* being a prefix of endearment. He founded a monastery on the isle of Devenish, in Lough Erne, in the sixth century.

A rounded life he soon fulfilled ;¹
And there, when Columb came as guest,
The monks in reverent welcome spread
A canopy above his head ;²
And princely offerings there were made,
And pious scholars taught and prayed.

Peace to the noble dead !—but why
In want should living thousands pine ?
And must a gulf for ever lie,
Columba, 'twixt our race and thine ?
An empire's force may curb or stun,
Not make two nations into one ;
And sinister was England's fate,
To conquer, not assimilate.

And so, if Derry's ramparts boast
Of what their hero-guardians bore,

¹ St. Kieran founded a monastery at Clonmacnois in 548, and died, when under forty, in 549. Cp. Reeves' Adamnan, p. 24; Lanigan, Eccl. Hist. of Ireland, ii. 53.

² Adamnan, Vit. S. Col. i. 3.

'Twas faithful holding of a post,
A conquest-pledge on alien shore :¹
As some old Roman colonist
Might Gaul's or Britain's tribes resist,
Till rescue made their bands recoil,—
So didst thou, London of the Foyle !

A saddening land, in truth, we say ;
What comfort in the advancing time ?
Has it the promise of a day
Less dark with suffering and with crime ?
Or must the all-embittering strife
With worse confusion yet be rife ? . . .
God's judgments are a mighty deep ;
His mercies constant vigil keep.

¹ See Macaulay, *History of England*, iii. 143.

Ventnor.

VENTNOR, methinks we know not half thy charm,
Who saw thee when the spring was chill and crude,
And foward March, for dulcet breezes warm,
Vexed thee with urgent thrust of east winds rude ;
But who beside thine Undercliff hath stood,
And marked the breadth of rocky wall and stair,
And shattered outworks decked with bushy wood,
Ivy and fern and moss,—nor marvelled there
How Nature's affluence makes her losses good,
And draws o'er ruin wild a curtain fair ?

St. Catharine's Hill, Isle of Wight.

THOU keepest still thy state, O solemn tower,
Sole relic of a chapel reared on high,
Where the lone priest, through many a stormful hour,
 Bade the red beacon flame 'tween sea and sky,
 Or reared the Host for souls in agony
On yonder deep. We stood there on the day
 When, after pain concealed from human eye,
On distant Farne St. Cuthbert passed away,
 Not unsustained at last by brethren nigh,
And left his name, a light to burn for aye.¹

¹ Bede, Vit. S. Cuthb. c. 37.

Truro Cathedral in 1880.

No passions armed with sacrilegious might,
But zeal new kindled at devotion's fire,
Hath set those workmen on their scaffold height
To bring down Truro spire.

They mar, but 'tis to make ; destroy, to build
A new Cathedral on a nobler type ;
And younger eyes will see the task fulfilled
When the good time is ripe.

'Ah, will it ripen ?' some may ask, as loth
To count on calms amid this stormful air ;
And yet that purchased field in Anathoth¹
Should warn against despair.

¹ Jer. xxxii. 7.

E'en now this church, whose days are waning fast,
Shows Chapter stalls, in order full and meet,
And, risen from depth of eight long ages past,
A Cornish prelate's seat.¹

Not, as of old, in saintly Petrockstow,
Nor in the vale by German's memory blest,
But here, 'mid Cornish life in fullest flow,
It faces all the West.

And hearts to which the Apostolic line
No claim on duteous trust as yet can prove,
Will learn to deem that pastorship divine
That speaks by royal love.

'Tis not too bright for hope ; what church must
yield
Centre and stronghold to a work like this ?

¹ A distinctively Cornish bishopric existed from about the middle of the ninth century until some time between 1027 and 1046.—Bishop Stubbs, in *Truro Diocesan Kalendar* for 1884.

E'en hers who, trusting promises revealed,
 Won her chief crown of bliss.

‘Whate'er He bids you, do it,’ Mary saith ;
 And this new service to her Son, our Lord,
Rendered in purest chivalry of faith,
 How should it miss reward ?

St. Michael's Mount.

FROM that low shore a bowshot length,
Islet and mainland twice a day,
What beauty robes thy towering strength,
Fair crown of England's fairest bay !
But thou hast yet a subtler spell
Than solemn grace or storied fame,
Who keep'st thine old deposit well,—
The majesty of Michael's name.

Not thine to match his Norman height,
Whose abbots once had rule o'er thee,
Whose wondrous piles, a mystic sight,
Soar up 'in peril of the sea :'
Yet thou hast equal witness borne,
Age after age, on Cornwall's coast,

For that unfallen star of morn,
The Prince of heaven's resplendent host.

Witness for him ? for God's high grace,
That speeds to help the sorely tried
Through those who see the Father's face,
And battle on the children's side ;
They, only they, the souls can count,
Struggling betwixt the right and wrong,
Who, gazing on the Archangel's mount,
Have felt their weakness then made strong.

And wheresoe'er, through Memory's glass,
We see that rich September glow
Smile on the rock's embattled mass,—
The church above, the waves below,—
May faith recall the word of truth,
To earliest, latest ages given,
That Angel-powers, in deathless youth,
Go forth to serve the heirs of heaven.

The Valley of the Cross.

WHEN Nature bends her to the touch of Grace,
She gains fresh beauty ;—so they deemed of old,
Who fain would hallow every loveliest place
By solemn names that might a heaven unfold,
Like that sweet vale, that Eden of repose,
Called ‘Vallis Crucis’ when its church arose.

The vision of a shrine of sacred peace
Entranced their minds who reared the fair
Abbaye ;
Where souls from worldly thrall might find release,
Following where Citeaux’ rule had marked the
way,
And counting all life’s rosy gleams but loss
For those calm shadows falling from the Cross.

I passed their threshold on an August morn ;
Alas ! the ruined pride of pillars tall,
Of arches that a soaring vault had borne,
Of clustered pier and wreathen capital ;
Yet pendant there, the sculptured fleurs-de-lis
Called up a throng of hopeful memories.

For on that selfsame day, long ages past,
Was freed from sin's approach and earth's control
A man whose lot with proudest kings was cast,
Who kept throughout a purely loyal soul ;
Whose lilyed robes beseemed the mind within,
Who worse than death abhorred each deadly sin.¹

In a strange land St. Louis passed away ;
Yet, O great Chrysostom ! we know thy words,
' What if in exile ends our latest day ?
The earth, with all its fulness, is the Lord's : ?
What man apart from home and freedom died,
Who clasped the knees of Jesus Crucified ?

¹ Joinville, *Hist. de St. Louis*, ed. Michel, p. 8.

² S. Chrys. Hom. 'antequam iret in exsilium.'

There all the Saints are one ; beneath His feet
His chosen jewels form a lustrous ring ;
There high and low, there priest and layman meet,
There Cambrian monks, and France's noblest king ;
Nor idly shall we link their names in song,
Who now join hands in that exultant throng.

Homes fairer than Val-crucis they have found,
And he a brighter than his Sainte Chapelle,
With her whose name shed o'er their holy ground
Sweet thoughts, to blossom in each lonely cell ;
Whom loving reverence names the Lily flower,
Whose virgin bosom did the Word embower.

Oh, Mary Mother ! we invoke thee not,
Nor ask thy guidance to the eternal shore ;
But ne'er be thou by Christian men forgot,
As parent blest, as faithful handmaid more ;¹
For thee, the brightest in the crownèd ranks,
We give to God 'high praise and hearty thanks.'

¹ Luke xi. 28.

Whene'er His Incarnation makes us bow,
Whene'er we see Him on the empurpled rood,
Serene or woeful, near thy Son art thou,—
Thy Son, who fills all hungry souls with good,
Whose mercy rests where dwells His holy fear ;
Then plead we for ourselves, nor less for brethren
dear.

O Lord, on whom were laid our guilt and grief,
Who sweetenest Marah-streams by Calvary's tree,
Grant us, like her, to find for our relief
Salvation's wells in vale of misery,
In strength and pureness face our gain or loss,
And make this sinful world a Valley of the Cross.

Christmas Eve.

‘This day is holy unto the Lord your God ; mourn not, . . .
neither be ye sorry : for the joy of the Lord is your
strength.’—NEH. VIII. 9, 10.

‘THE Lord’s own joy shall be your strength ;
Put sorrow clean aside :’
Sweet words, that stilled a people’s grief
On verge of festal tide !
So now, for those that in the Christ
Unswervingly believe,
Sad thoughts with other times may suit,
But not with Christmas Eve.

A wintry night, a wintry field,
Where all is wild and drear,—

'Twas there and then He willed that men
Should first His Gospel hear :
What matter though the sons of faith
Be fallen on evil days ?
Their Holy One is where He was,
Inhabiting their praise.¹

Lo, brother ! to His earthly house
Come gifts from hedge and glade,
The verdant symbols of a joy
Too pure and strong to fade ;
And altar-garlands, lily-white
With central crimson glow,
For Him who deigned through spotless flesh
His own dread Self to show.

Or does some private trouble weigh
Lead-heavy on thy soul ?
Come, sink the cares of one poor part
In the exultant whole ;

¹ Ps. xxii. 3.

'Tis instant change from marsh-fog dense
To fresh and lustrous air,
When of the household's general bliss
Thou tak'st a childlike share.

Nor deem that thy repented sins
Can bar thee from that peace ;
Much rather would He now confirm
The grant of thy release ;
He that was born to cleanse our stain,
How can He fail to bless
Contrition fervently renewed
For old unfaithfulness ?

He wills to heal thee more and more ;
O grieve Him not by doubt !
Was e'er a soul that came to Him
In any wise cast out ?
Yield Him the homage of thy trust,
Who sends us, every year,
The music of His birthnight bells,
Our hearts to brace and cheer.

They weened of yore, in simple faith,
That all the accursed powers
In upper air could find no place
Throughout these sacred hours ;
And sure, when sinners' thankful tears
At thought of Bethlehem flow,
Then, then the piercèd Feet are pressed
Right sternly on the foe !

‘A song, as in a solemn night ;’—
Ah, rapture once foretold,¹
And felt when heaven in joy broke out
Above the shepherds’ fold !
And wouldest thou still some lowly part
In that great chorus take ?
Adore the angels’ King Divine,
Incarnate for thy sake.

That Mary’s Child was God made Man,
This creed thou holdest true :

¹ Isa. xxx. 29.

Then, as thy faith is Catholic,
So let thy love be too ;
See that it clasp the world-wide Church,
At hand and far away,
Whose worship shall go up to Christ
On this new Christmas Day.

Yes, pray for all who name that Name,
That He, thy Lord and theirs,
May win more glory, give more peace,
Through all-uniting prayers ;
For in the bond of God's good-will
Those multitudes unknown
Are brethren of the best-beloved
Whose hearts are as thine own.

When thou hast prayed that all His love
Thy dearest may enfold,
Think next of those to whom our feast
Means bitterer want and cold :

Amid thy Christmas, care for them
With bounteous hand,—and He
Who, as a Babe, 'mid cattle slept,
Shall tenfold care for thee.

And while thy lot with ease and health
Is brightly, richly stored,
O kneel for those who cannot rise
From sickbeds for their Lord ;
That inward ears, at least, may catch
Some high 'Adeste' strain,
Some echoes from that home of rest
Where shall be no more pain.

And pray, O pray for bleeding hearts
That mourn at Christmas-tide,
Whose treasured founts of earthly joy
Some crushing stroke hath dried ;
That they may clasp the well of life,
And drink of love their fill,
From Him who came at once to do
And bear His Father's will.

And if there be, on whom thine eyes
Were e'er unkindly bent ;
If holy Friendship's gentle bond
One hour by thee was rent ;
Look back, retrace upon thy soul
Compunction's brand of shame,
And seven times breathe, in blessing deep,
Thine injured brother's name.

And pray for those who ask no prayer ;
Who, poorest of their kind,
O'ercharged with comforts won from sense,
In faith no comfort find ;
That, ere the lamp of God goes out,
May Christmas hopes return,
And, stirred by Heaven, the dead cold hearts
Live, glimmer, sparkle, burn !

Once more ; for all who know not Christ,
Or doubt or spurn His claim ;
For all who, while their lips confess,
In works deny His Name ;

Θ pray that sin's most abject thrall
May rise up cleansed and free,
That eyes, by error's veil oppressed,
Our own great Light may see.

Pray thus ; and thou thyself shalt win
Fresh effluence of the light,
More grace from Him who fain would robe
Thy soul in festal white ;
And when His glorious Eucharist
Makes glad the Christmas morn,
That sweetest joy shall be thy strength—
'To us a Child is born.'

Hymn on the Name of Jesus.

‘A Name that is above every name.’—PHIL. II. 9.

HOLY Name of Jesus,
Name wherein we trust,
Name that show’st the Father
Merciful and just !
We would own and bless thee
While our lips have breath :
What were life without thee ?
Oh, and what were death ?

Holy Name of Jesus !
Who can tell thy worth ?
Love doth crown and hallow
Many a name of earth ;

But the best and dearest,
Precious though they be,
Yield but some faint image,
Royal Name ! of thee.

Holy Name of Jesus !
What exalts thee so ?
Answer, Christian brethren,
Answer, ye that know !
Countless though the blessings
From God's hand that fall,
Doth not our salvation
Comprehend them all ?

Holy Name of Jesus !
In temptation's hour,
When we next invoke thee,
May we feel thy power ;
Flow, like purest ointment,
Heart and mind within,
Quelling with thy sweetness
Deadly charms of sin.

Holy Name of Jesus !
Prayers that rest on thee
In the Father's presence
Find acceptance free ;
O the stedfast promise !
O the love sublime !
'Ask, and He will give it '
In His way and time.

Holy Name of Jesus !
Be thy glory shed
Where the shadows thicken
O'er the path we tread ;
Chilling fears will vanish,
Doubts to faith give way,
And the passing dimness
Melt in golden day.

Holy Name of Jesus,
Name divinely true !
Thine be all we purpose,
Think, or speak, or do ;

So may we, from ruin
By the Cross restored,
Live and die confessing
Jesus Christ as Lord !

The Annunciation.

'Behold the handmaid of the Lord.'—LUKE I. 38.

As when sudden vernal sunshine
Breaks across the winter's gloom,
Luring forth the tender leaflets
And the golden crocus-bloom,
So on this one feast of Mary
Lent for Christmas joy makes room.

Here, beside the mountain well-head,
Trace we far the expanding stream ;
Take the earnest of the noonday
In the reddening eastern gleam ;
Promise here, and there fulfilment
In the gift of gifts supreme.

So, when from the inner Presence
Gabriel on his errand passed,
Fragrance of the Name of Jesus
Through the courts of heaven was cast,
And the Powers and Thrones exulted
That the day was dawning fast.

Prelude of the 'In Excelsis'
From their choirs was thrilling then ;
But the fulness of the splendour,
Was it not beyond their ken ?
Could their wistful gaze decipher
All that God had planned for men ?

Thou, too, known to prophet-vision
In the highway of the field,¹
Not to thee was all the secret
Of thy bliss at once revealed,
When to news that seemed too wondrous
Thou didst gradual credence yield.

¹ Isa. vii. 3, 14.

‘Here am I, the Lord’s own handmaid ;
Let His will in me be wrought !’
Might but all thy Son’s disciples
Learn the lesson thou hast taught,
Wholly into faith’s obedience
Bringing captive every thought !

What is faith ?—a firm affiance
In the Living, Holy, True ;
‘Tis the voice of self-surrender,
‘Lord, what wilt thou have me do ?’
Well might she be thus exalted,
Who was faithful through and through.

Mother of the Word Incarnate—
More than this could Heaven bestow ?
Yes ; for, matched with quickening graces,
Highest privilege is low ;
This was Mary’s crown of blessing,
God by deepest love to know,

All His words to store and ponder,
For His guidance-tokens wait ;
Purest type of spirits lowly,
Through their very meekness great ;
Queen of souls whose sacred hunger
Nought but God could satiate.

Looking up their radiant pathway,
Virgin-born ! we sue for grace,
Here by living faith to know Thee,
Till at last we find our place
Where the joy of all the blessed
Is to see Thee face to face.

The Doctrine of the Incarnation.

‘Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is . . . perfect God and perfect Man: . . . yet He is not two, but one Christ.’

THE Word made flesh, the Son of God made Man !
Say, ‘God is love,’ and thus the mystery scan ;
By that far-spreading brightness duly read
The moral purport of the Church’s creed,
And nearer draw to Him whose tenderness
Can bend so low to save, and heal, and bless.
For narrow hearts the condescensions wrong¹
Which prove Him best the Holy and the Strong ;
They hear no prelude-music in the grace
That stooped to train and talk with Abraham’s race,

¹ Liddon, University Sermons, i. 200.

Till one great act, in Wisdom's order sweet,
 Should those Divine self-limitings complete :¹
 Such coldness dulls their faith, and makes them deem,
 To take our nature ne'er would God beseem ;
 At most, He took a man for His ally,
 Linked to Himself in bonds of amity,²
 A separate Jesus, by the Word possessed,
 Inhabited as temple, worn as vest ;
 An envoy, mouthpiece, instrument elect,
 By grant supreme with heavenly titles decked ;
 Still but a Saint,—one Saint, who more than all
 Retained God's impress, and obeyed His call.
 Alas for Christian hopes, if this were true !
 'Tis no salvation to have Saviours two ;
 Except our Brother and our God be one,
 The reconciling work is left undone.
 What other hands could marry heaven to earth ?
 What flesh could claim a life-bestowing worth ?³

¹ Mozley, Essays, ii. 118.

² Compare Hooker, E. P. v. 52. 2 ; and Newman, Parochial Sermons, vi. 62.

³ Cyril Alex. Explan. Cap. ii.

What blood for all men's guiltiness atone ?
That flesh and blood, which God hath made His own.
Thus was the priceless for our ransom given,
Our second Man is thus the Lord from heaven ;
No other person came to mend our state,
Than He, the Sole-begotten, Uncreate,¹
The perfect Father's true and perfect Son,
With Him in being, might, and goodness one ;
Not such as fabled at an Arian shrine,
More than angelic, only not divine ;
No elder Michael with a brighter crown,—
But He that ne'er was not, for us came down.

For us He suffered ; but in Godhead ?—No !
That sovereign essence could not taste of woe :
'Twas o'er His human flesh and human soul
That all those waves and storms had leave to roll,
For nought He lacked that made up manhood's whole.
Folly, to think the Saviour of mankind
Could not assume or save the reasoning mind ;

¹ Hooker, v. 52. 3 ; Pearson on the Creed, Art. iv.

Or count Him further yet from man estranged,
With flesh from Godhead into matter changed.
And blind were they, by errors wildly tossed,
Who deemed the Manhood in the Godhead lost,
Or natures twain compounded into one,
Nor owned them both, all-perfect in the Son ;
Both perfect,—each could work, and each could
will,
But this commanding, that obedient still.
Nor feign we such a blending of the pair,
That each the other's qualities might share ;
That simple Godhead could be born and die,
And simple Manhood span the earth and sky :
Away with monstrous dreams ! We hold but this,—
He put our manhood on, and made it His.
Fixed in His nature's everlasting root,
Ours He adopted as an attribute ;¹
Therein would bear our burden, live our life,
Without its inward shame and inward strife ;²

¹ Newman, Serm. vi. 65.

² Liddon, Bamp. Lect. p. 524.

With Him the Adam-blood ran clear of spot,
Sin's merest germs in that pure soul were not ;
And more, the Manhood from this union drew
Transcendant gifts,—yet still was Manhood true ;
True, as its work was real ; only thus
Could He be Priest and Sacrifice for us,
Or we, for sympathy athirst, could own
The Man above upon the sapphire throne,¹
Hail a new Adam as our quickening Head,
Or in His pattern-footsteps learn to tread,
Or bless the Father's equity, which gave
All judgment-power to Him who died to save.

Thus God He ever was, and Man became,
And we, by turns, assign Him either name :²
Say we that God, unchanged and undefiled,
Was laid on Mary's breast, a new-born Child,
And so the Word of life could handled be,
The Lord of glory nailed to Calvary's tree,

¹ Ezek. i. 26.

² Hooker, v. 53. 4.

Whereon the Church by God's own blood was
bought? ¹

In His created nature this was wrought.
Or say we, To the Son of Man was given
At once to walk the earth and be in heaven? ²
The Christ we worship, while for us He trod
Man's bounded path, was infinite as God;
Yea, God o'er all things, ³ on the Father's breast,
Though, human-wise, an Israelite confessed.
Thus, by the heavenly hierarchies adored,
He sits with publicans at Levi's board; ⁴
And holds each starry system in its place,
While babes look up soft-smiling in His face.

Astounding contrasts! Call them truths allied,
Or one vast truth lit up on either side;
For human properties and powers divine
In His one self ineffably combine;

¹ 1 John i. 1; 1 Cor. ii. 8; Acts xx. 28.

² John iii. 13. ³ Rom. ix. 5. ⁴ Proclus, Homily, c. 9.

Lowly or glorious as His acts may be,
Their single agent is the selfsame HE
Who joined our manhood to His Deity ;¹
Of His intrinsic being ne'er bereft,
Though, for a while, what He could leave He left,
' And was made man ; ' well may we bow the head,
When of the Light from Light those words are said.

So, through the great self-humbling's long descent,
The bond of diverse natures ne'er was rent ;
Though death's brief reign could soul and flesh dis-
sever,
Godhead from soul or flesh was sundered never :
And from the third day victor over death,
Our Christ of Bethlehem and of Nazareth,
Set high above all might and every name,
He and no other, He the very same,
Is God's co-equal Son, the First and Last,
The Lord of ages future as of past ;

¹ St. Athanasius, *Orat. c. Arian.* iii. 31, 32.

72 *DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION.*

For Godhead's fulness ne'er can brook decay,
And Manhood, once assumed, He keeps for aye.

Thus in our land was glory fain to dwell,¹
And thus make good the name Emmanuel :
No less would Mercy give, could give no more ;
And thus let loving faith Incarnate Love adore.

¹ Ps. lxxxv. 9.

Good Friday Evening.

‘ He bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped
Him in the linen.’—MARK xv. 46.

‘ COME, lift Him gently from the Cross,
Draw slowly forth each murderous nail ;
'Mid all the woe of direst loss,
Our last sad service must not fail.

‘ We 'll wash the bloody clots away
From brow and side, from hands and feet ;
And whitest folds around Him lay,
All richly strewn with spices sweet.

‘ Now, ere the napkin veils His face,
One parting look,—and yet one more ;

Then bear Him to His resting-place,
And roll the stone against the door.'

Too timid once for manliest part,
As if transformed, those comrades twain
In teeth of peril pluck up heart
To own a Christ their peers had slain.

The corn of wheat has died, and lo !
In one short hour it brings forth fruit ;
It fires their zeal with warmer glow,
It makes their faith take firmer root.

Yet, as they cross the garden-ground,
And leave the Maries lingering nigh,
Nor doubt within the city's bound
To read new hate in many an eye,

Haply their brightest hope is this,
'God will cut short these days of crime ;
His kingdom and His people's bliss
Will come in His predestined time.'

Praise to the love whose depth and height
A thousandfold our thoughts exceed !
Ere the third day had sunk in night,
They knew that Christ was risen indeed.

Easter Day.

‘The Lord is risen indeed.’—LUKE XXIV. 34.

‘GLORY be to God on high,’
Rang the chorus through the sky,
When the Holiest, stooping low,
Put on strength against our foe :
Ye that hymned the strife begun,
Louder hymn the triumph won ;
Death has crouched to Adam’s seed,
Jesus Christ is risen indeed !

Let the clouds of chill despair
Break in joy’s warm lightsome air !
Rise, ye mourners, from the dust,
Know, He hath not failed your trust ;

Risen in His predicted hour,
Proved the Son of God with power,
Dear-bought sheep to guard and feed,
Christ our Shepherd lives indeed.

Foes malign have done their worst ;
Vain the traitor's kiss accurst,
Swords and staves, and ruffian crew,
Priestly vestures rent in two,
Blows and spitting on that face
Whence the pure heavens look for grace,
Tongues forsworn and doom decreed,—
Vain, for He is risen indeed.

Vain the fell persistent cry,
'Crucify Him, crucify !
If thou dare to let Him go,
Count on Cæsar as thy foe :'
Vain the fierce exulting spite,
'Now, if God in Him delight,
Let Him to His call give heed !'
God hath raised Him up indeed.

Vain the hungering, thirsting hate,
Which not e'en His death could sate ;
Vain the care His tomb that barred,
Making sure with seal and guard ;
Lo, the third day lights the grot,
Where a shrouded corpse is *not* ;
And the Maries homeward speed
With the tidings, ‘Risen indeed !’

Tidings called an ‘idle tale !’
Slowly did their truth prevail ;
Well for us, that hopeless doubt
Was but step by step cast out ;
When, as proofs from every side
Came combined and multiplied,
Ear and eye and touch could plead
For a Master risen indeed.

Plotters, leagued to seize and slay,
Wrought their will,—and where are they ?
Taken in the snares they laid,
Fallen down the pit they made :

All their cords and fetters new,
Lo, like thread He bursts them through ;
Hunters caught and quarry freed,
Christ the Lord is risen indeed !

So be all Thy foes undone,
Shine Thy friends like morning sun,
Shine with light that streams from Thee
In Thy Paschal victory !
While they see Thee standing near,
Darkest times are daylight clear,
Made resplendent by the creed
That the Christ is risen indeed.

If there be, that creed who deem
Born of hope's too sanguine dream,
Ye that on God's rock have stood
Know the news is not too good,
Not too glorious, to be true,
Since He lives, and cares for you ;
Yes, His very heart ye read
In His dear Son risen indeed.

Chants and chimes of Easter morn,
Thank and bless the Virgin-born,
Who, by dying, death o'erthrew,
Rose, and won us life anew :
Hail, sweet day that stills all fears,
Heals all wounds, and dries all tears,
Mightier yet than bitterest need,
Since the Lord is risen indeed !

The Easter Octave.

‘And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees: and they encamped there by the waters. And they took their journey from Elim.’—EXOD. xv. 27, xvi. 1.

‘In the going forth from Egypt’—

Hark, how Easter lifts the strain,
Like the glad triumphal music
Of a king’s advancing train !
Still through loyal hearts it echoes,
As in Elim’s peace we dwell,
Shaded by the Paschal palm-tree,
Drinking of the Paschal well.

‘In the going forth from Egypt,
With the Holy One for guide,
Well might nature’s proudest forces
From His presence shrink aside :’

Yes, and when the risen Jesus
For His liegemen clears the way,
Shall they not be more than conquerors
In the might of Easter Day?

Day supreme, whose wealth of brightness
Flows o'er all the following seven,
Giving faith a clearer prospect
Through the open doors of heaven :
Might we but, the time redeeming,
Feel its touch of tenderest power,
And of this transcendent Octave
Lose not one enriching hour !

Blissful days, that pass too quickly,
Yet may leave us largely blest,
When the sweet Low Sunday vespers
Warn us, 'This is not your rest ;
Israel saw the cloudy pillar
Lead them far from palm and fount ;
And the Three had Jesus with them
In the plain as on the mount.'

Would ye keep His Easter blessing?—
 Lean on love Divine for grace,
Full contrition's Lenten impress
 Deeper on the heart to trace;
Ne'er a thought or aim to harbour
 With the perfect Will at strife,
And to know the living Saviour
 As your soul-renewing life!

Litany of the Resurrection.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
God, whose love rejecteth none,
Save us, Holy Trinity.

Risen Lord, victorious King,
Endless life's o'erflowing Spring,
Hear us, while for joy we sing
Praise to Thee, O Jesu.

Thanks for Thine own day's return ;
Let our hearts within us burn,
And our souls Thy face discern,
King of glory, Jesu.

Let the glorious tale be told,
Ever new, and ever old,
Rich in gladness manifold ;

Bless our gladness, Jesu.

Gates of death were closed in vain ;
Thee no bonds could e'er retain ;
Forth Thou cam'st, to live and reign ;

Reign o'er us, O Jesu.

Ere the morn was shining clear,
Angels asked Thy handmaids dear,
'Wherefore seek the Living here?'

Live in us, O Jesu.

Next, within the cavern's bound,
John and Peter, gazing round,
Nought but folded grave-clothes found ;

Thou hadst risen, O Jesu.

O what joy to Mary came,
Who, when Thou didst speak her name,
Knew Thee, Thine own self, the same !

Make us know Thee, Jesu.

Joy to those whom Thou didst meet,
Those who heard Thy greeting sweet,
And, adoring, held Thy feet !

We adore Thee, Jesu.

And Thy form Thou wouldst not hide
From the friend who thrice denied ;
Now he owns his Lord and Guide ;

So we own Thee, Jesu.

Thou didst teach that mournful pair
How the Christ a cross must bear,
Then His crown in triumph wear ;

Lead us on, O Jesu.

Happy souls, that bade Thee stay
With them at the close of day ;
Soon their dimness passed away ;

Stay with us, O Jesu.

Light from Thee was o'er them shed,
Thee the Living, who wast dead,
Known in breaking of the bread ;

Thus we know Thee, Jesu.

Later yet, Thy chosen band
Saw Thee midst them calmly stand,
Lifting up Thy wounded hand ;

Bless us, O good Jesu.

Then with Thy sure word of peace
Came the power that ne'er shall cease,
From all sin to give release ;

Pardon us, O Jesu.

One, in doubt, required a sign,
Leave to touch that side of Thine ;
Then broke forth, ' My Lord Divine ! '
So we hail Thee, Jesu.

Once Thy look made Peter weep ;
Now his love and sorrow deep
Win the mission, ' Feed My sheep ; '
Feed us, Holy Jesu.

And Thou badst Thy servants be
Lamps of truth o'er land and sea,
Sure that they would still have Thee ;
Keep us Thine, O Jesu.

So we trust their faithful word,
Speaking what they saw and heard ;
And Thy voice our wills hath stirred ;
We would hear Thee, Jesu.

Let Thy praise our tongues employ,
And Thy grace our sin destroy,
And Thyself be all our joy

Evermore, O Jesu.

Evening Hymn.

INCARNATE God, Redeemer, King,
True Light from Light's eternal Spring
Shed o'er my heart Thy genial ray,
And make this night as clear as day.

Men sat in darkness, Lord, when Thou
Thine own resplendent heaven didst bow,
And camest down to save the lost,
From what a doom, at what a cost !

And years and ages, rolling by,
Since Thou didst reascend on high,
Have seen Thee calmly throned above,
In Thine exhaustless power and love.

Unchanging Christ ! whate'er befall,
Thou know'st and wilt provide for all ;
'Tis well in every time and place,
If Thou bestow Thy promised grace.

I trust Thy word ; that grace I seek,
Which perfects strength in nature weak ;
Which stirs the will with heavenly fire,
And gives effect to pure desire.

So aid me now, and o'er my past
Thy veil of pardon gently cast ;
Yea, purge my conscience through and through,
And set me right, and keep me true.

To Thee, O best and mightiest Friend,
Myself I give, devote, commend ;
And every ground of hope disclaim,
Save Thy most dear and glorious Name.

Veni Creator.

CREATOR Spirit, come and rest
In minds that Thou hast owned and blest ;
And let the souls Thy power hath made
Be in Thy heavenly grace arrayed.

Come, Thou whose name is Paraclete,
And Gift sent down from God's high seat,
Fire, Love, and living Fountain-head,
And Unction o'er the spirit shed.

Sevenfold in gifts art Thou ; 'tis Thine
To write on hearts the law divine ;
By Thee the Father's word comes true,
Enriching lips with utterance new.

Give light, on all our thoughts to gleam ;
Give love, through all our hearts to stream ;
The weakness of our flesh sustain
With force that cannot shrink or wane.

•

Drive further back our deadly foe,
And more of Thine own peace bestow ;
Yea, pass Thou on as Guide, and we
From all dark mischief safe shall be.

To know the Father and the Son,
And Thee, Their Spirit, with Them one,
And in that Name Thy gifts employ,—
Be this, through Jesus' grace, our joy.

Confirmation.

‘ Will ye also go away ? ’—JOHN VI. 67.

YOUNG souls, that come to claim your place
In Christ’s enlisted band,
And seek the mighty sevenfold grace
Through touch of pastoral hand ;

The eyes that scan your ranks to-day
Are moist with hope and fear ;
Just entered on the stern, sweet way,—
Oh ! will you persevere ?

Alas for thousands that have knelt
Where you are bending now !
You feel what they as warmly felt,
In prayer and solemn vow.

Seemed it that nought could them estrange
From Him your hearts adore :
Yet, slow or sudden, came the change—
They walked with Him no more.

They learned to grudge the moments spent
At morn and eve in prayer ;
He bade them to His Sacrament—
They shunned His presence there.

Their sense of moral good grew less,
More keen the lust for ill ;
And what they deemed their manliness
Was pitiful self-will.

They spoke, perchance, of faith outgrown—
'A picture-world untrue ;'
And He that marked them from His throne
Asks, 'Will ye leave Me too ?'

O let not blind self-confidence
To that appeal reply,
'Though others do Thee such offence,
Yet never, Lord, will I.'

Say rather, 'Lord, Thou knowest all ;
I fain would cling to Thee ;
But surest guard from foulest fall
Is deep humility.'

'So to Thine own sufficing strength
My weakness I commend,
To keep me through my journey's length,
Confirmed unto the end.'¹

¹ 1 Cor. i. 8.

At the Holy Eucharist.

O my King, I love Thee,
 Thank Thee, and adore,
God from everlasting,
 Man for evermore !
Who most richly fillest
 Hungry souls with good,
When Thine awful bounty
 Makes Thy Flesh our food.

Thou, the living Saviour !
 Thou, the Incarnate Son !
Grant me, by the mercies
 Meeting thus in one,
Here to seek and treasure
 Thy Communion grace,
Till I win the Country,
 Till I see Thy face.

Hymn before Ordination.

‘As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.’
JOHN XX. 21.

THOU art with us, gracious Master,
Priest immortal, King most high,
Throned among us, close beside us,—
O what words can tell how nigh?
In the full triumphal splendour
Of Thy Resurrection-might,
With the unexhausted blessing
Of the primal Easter night.

Entering then, like sudden sunshine,
Where the doors were shut for fear,
Speaking peace, and gently pointing
To the wound-prints fresh and clear,

With the spirit of Thy mission
Thou didst Thine elect endue,
Saying, ‘As My Father sent Me,
Even so now send I you.’

And through all the Christian ages
Lives and works that word of Thine,
Still by sacred hands renewing
That which came by breath Divine :
When the Church marks out her chosen,
Stewards of Thy gifts to be,
Thou dost set them o'er the household,
All their priesthood flows from Thee.¹

Look then, Lord, on these Thy servants
Who before Thee lowly bend,
Waiting on the Will that chooseth
Whom to hallow, whom to send ;
Oh ! accept them while they offer
Soul and body, mind and heart,

¹ Luke xii. 42.

All to Thy dear cause devoting,
Taking once for all Thy part.

So, if some draw back and leave Thee,
Here let those who clasp Thy feet
Find how quickening is Thy presence,
Thine ordaining touch how sweet :
Seal them for Thy pastoral service,
And throughout their after-time
Keep them true to this day's purpose,
Fervent in their work sublime.

Now to Thee, O righteous Father,
Loving Spirit, mighty Son,
For the life of glory promised
And the life of grace begun,
Let the voice of priests and people
One full chant of praise outpour,
While they pass the troubled waters,
When they gain the blissful shore.

**Hymn for a Church of St. Augustine of
Canterbury.**

LIFT the song, O Christian brothers,
Lift it high to Him we love !
From the full heart's depth arising,
It shall reach His throne above :
What is more our bounden duty,
What more truly meet and right,
Than to bless the Lord who brought us
Out of darkness into light ?

Deep in gloom of deathly error
Once our Heathen fathers lay ;
Through the land their steel had conquered
Scarcely shone the Gospel ray ;

Till, the lifeless bones to quicken,
And the ruined work restore,
Came at last our own Augustine,
Preaching peace on Thanet shore.

With his mission-band around him,
And the Cross upheld on high,
Spake the Saint to prince and people,
Made them feel that Heaven was nigh ;
Taught the truth by pure example,
Showed the joy of Christian ways,
Where the humble cry for pardon
Ends in sweet and thankful praise.¹

What though brief the time allowed him,
Small the space his labours filled ?
He was first to clear the pathway,
First to gather, first to build ;
First to lead a Saxon kingdom
To his Master's royal feet ;

¹ See Bede, i. 25, 26.

Loved for this, when later workers
Made the mission-task complete.¹

So do Thou, Eternal Shepherd,
Thou, from age to age the same,
Hear our gladsome Alleluias
Mingled with St. Austin's name ;
Hear, and grant the Church he planted
Stronger yet through faith to be ;
And this ancient Christian nation—
Keep, O keep it safe with Thee !

¹ Council of Clovesho (747) ; 'Sancti Augustini, . . . qui genti
Anglorum . . . scientiam fidei, baptismi sacramentum, et cœlestis
patriæ notitiam primus adulit.'

Hymn for St. Matthew's Day.

'He left all, rose up, and followed Him.'—LUKE v. 28.

HE sat to watch o'er customs paid,
A man of scorned and hardening trade ;
Alike the symbol and the tool
Of foreign masters' hated rule.

But grace within his breast had stirred ;
There needed but the timely word ;
It came, true Lord of souls ! from Thee,
That royal summons, 'Follow Me.'

Enough, when Thou wert passing by,
To hear Thy voice, to meet Thine eye :
He rose, responsive to the call,
And left his task, his gains, his all.

O wise exchange ! with these to part,
And lay up treasure in Thy heart :
With twofold crown of light to shine
Amid Thy servants' foremost line !

Come, Saviour, as in days of old ;
Pass where the world has strongest hold,
And faithless care and selfish greed
Are thorns that choke the holy seed.

Who keep Thy gifts, O bid them claim
The steward's, not the owner's name ;
Who yield up all for Thy dear sake,
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake.

Hymn for Mission Workers in East London.

'If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in Mine eyes ? saith the Lord of hosts.'—ZECH. VIII. 6.

SINCE Thou, O Lord, hast set our task,
For all these crowds to care,
More faith, and yet more faith, we ask,
To shield us from despair.

What most would, else, our spirits daunt
Is not material ill,
The black enormous gulf of want
Which no relief can fill :

'Tis not the vengeful discontent
From abject misery grown,
Which bodes a deep anarchic rent
In Order's basement-stone :

A darker cloud of grief and fear
Across our prospect rolls ;
For thousands live around us here
Unconscious of their souls,

As if the spirit lodged within
Had ne'er drawn vital breath ;
Their atmosphere is rank with sin,
And chill with moral death.

Thy very Name of bliss and awe
(Forgive them, Lord !) they deem,
Perchance, a tool of rich men's law—
At best, an idler's dream.

Yet each is present all day long
To Thine eternal thought ;
Nor is one life in that huge throng
By Thee upheld for nought.

And something to be touched and stirred
Might still be found in each ;
No reckless wanderer can have erred
Beyond a Saviour's reach.

For, summoned in His hopeful hour,
The conscience yet may wake ;
The will may grasp His hand of power,
The stony heart may break.

And so, because He died, and lives
For these, for us, for all ;
Because His word assurance gives
Of audience when we call ;

Because to rescue, cleanse, and bless,
Delights Thee as of old ;
Because a mother's tenderness,
Compared with Thine, is cold ;¹

¹ Isa. xlix. 15.

Because one penitent's return
Makes heaven with gladness ring,
And all her lights more brightly burn,
Exultant for their King ;—

We therefore crave a signal boon :
Let Thy converting grace
Bring many a darkling soul right soon
Straight home to Thine embrace ;

Fit work for that abounding might
Which waits on love Divine ;
It may be wondrous in our sight,
But, Father, not in Thine !

Grace.

‘My grace is sufficient for thee : for My strength is made perfect in weakness.’—2 COR. XII. 9.

‘SAY, what is Grace ?’—Our God’s good-will
Its purpose must in act fulfil ;
With Him, to love is to bestow
The gifts by which His love we know.

What first He gave, our fall could mar ;
His boon of grace is richer far :
Nor deem it mere increase of light ;¹
No, ’tis a spring of inward might ;

Of might that makes receptive ground
With good fruit richly to abound ;

¹ S. Aug. c. duas Epist. Pelag. iv. 11, etc.

Of might that strengthened blessed Paul
For Christ to labour more than all.

For when, with stress of hindrance worn,
He craved relief from vexing thorn,
The grace that for his need sufficed,
What was it but the power of Christ?

That strength benign, so prompt to aid,
In suppliants' weakness perfect made ;
Which from His fulness all receive,
Who both with mind and heart believe.

For what in Him by right resides,
His grant for us as gift provides,
True, living, personal, complete,—
The presence of the Paraclete.

With tender force, with sweet control,
The Spirit wakes the slumbering soul ;
His touch gives power to heed His voice,
But undetermined leaves the choice.

Freely they serve who own His law ;
And He with gentle cords will draw ¹
His primal impulse will sustain,
Attract, assist,—but not constrain.

And so, through many a channel sent,
Through prayer, and rite, and Sacrament,
And truths received, and duties done,—
Is shed the Spirit's benison.

Who of that largess more would win,
Must dread the faintest thought of sin,
And every downward step retrace
From every past neglect of grace. .

¹ Hos. xi. 4.

Penitence.

‘Why will ye die, O house of Israel?’—EZEK. XVIII. 31.

IF thou, in selfish anger blind,
Hast wounded one so true and kind,
That e'en thy first self-humbling tone
Can prove his friendship still thine own ;
That tender glance of pardoning eyes
Should bid thy spirit heavenward rise,
And hear a voice that speaks within
Of holier goodness wronged by sin.

Ah ! couldst thou, Christian, have the heart
From thine Eternal Friend to part,
For pottage risk thy share of heaven,
And grieve Him seventy times by seven ?

Yet takes He no delight at all
In guilty wretches' hopeless fall ;
Who once His Son for thee could give,
Implores thee now to turn and live.

Can children scorn their Father's cry,
' O wherefore, wherefore will ye die ?
Sure as I live, what man soe'er
Comes home to Me with contrite-prayer,
Bewails his bosom's plague and sore,
And wills to serve Me evermore,
Close to My feet his place is won ;
I do absolve My sorrowing son.

' With him no more will I contend,
For him I bring My wrath to end ;
Lest at My door should faint and fade
The soul, the spirit I have made ;¹
It shall not be ; for I have sworn
Not one true prayer to slight or scorn ;

¹ Isa. lvii. 16.

Not once to turn Mine ear aside
From that strong plea, "Thy Son hath died."

But say'st thou, coldness clogs thee still,
Contrition comes not at thy will?
Ask it of God; with Him be plain,
Beg Him to touch thee with its pain,
'Till, not by hearing of the ear,
But with the thrill of vision clear,
Thine inmost self shall feel and know
What made His dear Son's life outflow.

So draw us all, Redeemer blest,
To our true shelter on Thy breast;
There clinging, let us draw from thence
The motive power of penitence;
While hardness melts as wax in flame,
And self-contentment dies of shame,
And sin grows loathsome as we see
God's holy love shine forth in Thee.

Self-Tempting.

‘Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.’

PROV. IV. 15.

‘INTO temptation lead us not :’

What if ourselves we lead ?

Then surely is our lips’ request

Retracted by our deed.

The perils that we well might shun

We saunter forth to meet ;

The path into the road of sin

We tread with careless feet.

The air that comes instinct with death,

We bid it round us flow ;

And when our hands should bar the gate,

We parley with the foe.

The ills we deem we ne'er could do,
In thought we dramatise ;
What we should loathe, we learn to scan
With speculative eyes.

Small need that Satan for our haunt
Should curiously inquire ;
He finds us couched beneath the oak,
Or warmed beside the fire.¹

Foolhardiness and self-deceit,
From one bad root they spring ;
"Tis that we long to brush the edge
Of some forbidden thing.

'We would not take it home—not we !
For that would mar our peace ;
But contact, from consent kept clear,
Our knowledge would increase.'

¹ 1 Kings xiii. 14 ; John xviii. 18.

Alas for ignorance profound
Of our poor nature's bent !
The wakened sympathy with wrong
Becomes the will's consent.

To save us, Lord, from such a fall,
We ask for blessings three ;
Distrust of self, and hate of sin,
And love, true love, for Thee.¹

¹ See Mozley, Paroch. Serm. p. 6 ff.

Evil Suggestions.

‘The fiery darts of the wicked (one).’—EPH. VI. 16.

‘Out of the deep I call to Thee,
My own all-pitying Lord !
O save me from tormenting thoughts,
By Thee and Thine abhorred ;¹

‘When sudden waves of force unblest
Through Memory’s chambers flow,
And quicken into spectral life
Dead forms of long ago.

‘Not of my will,—Thou know’st it, Lord !
I hate them, and I fear ;
’Tis loathing dread of their attack
That seems to bring them near.

¹ See Pusey, Paroch. Serm. ii. 336 : Lent. Serm. p. 276.

‘ Not prayer will always beat them off,
Nor touch of holiest things ;
Between me and Thy Sacrament
They spread their hideous wings.

‘ And then—the fierce bewildering shock,
The stifling, sickening shame ;
The question—Was it all for nought
That I invoked Thy Name ?

‘ Ah, Saviour, no ! to former sins
I will not add mistrust ;
For Thou hast pledged Thy word to hear,
And Thou art true and just.

‘ And it would cost Thee nought, my God,
To give what I implore ;
It would but let Thy might of love
Shine through one record more !’

The answer comes—a word of peace ;
‘ My servant, hold thee still ;
Thy real self is clear of thoughts
Resisted by Thy will.

‘ Let but that will, through heavenly help,
Reiterate its *No*,
Nor leave one spot for baneful plants
To germinate and grow.

‘ But wouldest thou learn how best to say,
“ Foul tempter, get thee hence ? ”
Be sure that nothing scares the fiend
Like acts of penitence.

‘ Renew thy sorrow for the past ;
Long to be wholly clean ;
But fret not, if awhile thou miss
The sense of joy serene.

‘What keeps thee watchful and subdued
Is medicine for thy case ;
To lack My comfort’s fullest stream
Is not to lose My grace.’¹

¹ Newman, *Sermons*, iv. 72.

Spiritual Dryness.

Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God
preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and
when by His light I walked through darkness.'—JOB
XXIX. 2, 3.

O SOUL of mine, what hand hath spread
This film before thy languid eye?
What blighting influence o'er thee shed
Hath struck thy truest life-springs dry?

We wander through a dusky land,
And mark no beacon-height sublime;
We clasp no angel's cheering hand,
No bells of heaven ring out their chime.

Ah, heavy change ! in days now past
A lustrous, mounting path we trod;
And o'er its every turn were cast
Reflections of the smile of God.

Now something stands, we know not what,
Between us and that brightness dear ;
We hear His word, and question not,
But yet we cannot feel Him near.

We strive to grasp the sovereign Thought—
It floats before us, vague and dim ;
We turn to rite and prayer— but nought
Recalls the joy of touching Him.

My soul, my soul, bethink thee why ?
If aught be true, be sure of this,—
No moods, like shadows passing by,
Disturb His light, who simply *is*.

As by the Prophet once He spake,
' I am, I change not, therefore ye
Are not consumed ;'¹ His word we take,
And say, A Father-King is He,

¹ Mal. iii. 6.

Who bids us search ourselves within
For varyings never found above ;
What if some half-repent'd sin
Hath brought this cloud o'er faith and love ?

If such there be, expel it straight :
Or if, when questioned close, the will
Can answer clear, 'On God I wait,
And harbour nought of purposed ill ;'

Then take we count of idle speech,
Unchastened feeling, hurried prayer ;
Frailties like these have ample reach ;
Our pains, perchance, are rooted there.

Again, my soul, be warned,—confess
What faults thou markest, great or small ;
Then bide His time who means to bless,
And answers e'en before we call.¹

¹ Isa. lxv. 24.

He is the Judge ; His eye can look
Through surface-frost to fires below ;
Were thy name blotted from His book,
Thou couldst not long to love Him so.

With Him that longing stands for love,¹
Though for the past He humbles thee,
And holds His comforts back, to prove
If faith from selfish pride be free.

Come, take thy penance, bear His test,
And bow thee 'neath the Hand divine ;
Soon shall His 'secret' fill thy breast,
And o'er thy head His lamp shall shine.

¹ See Pusey's *Parochial Sermons*, ii. 214.

² Ps. xxv. 14.

Dulness at Communion.

‘I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.’

GEN. XXXII. 26.

‘TIME was when nought but joy and peace
In each Communion hour I found ;
And am I now as Gideon’s fleece,
When there was dew on all the ground ?
In God’s great rite no change can be ;
Are all its comforts barred from me ?

‘I doubt not of my Saviour’s gift ;
I wish to keep no terms with sin ;
But yet the dull fog will not lift,
Which broods around me and within ;
That Cup should gladden, brace, restore ;
It leaves me languid as before.’

‘ Wilt thou have counsel ? Thou shouldst know,
Mere feelings ne’er decide our state ;
They come and pass, they ebb and flow,
Again revive, again abate ;¹
Yet sore his loss, who long has missed
The sunshine of the Eucharist.

‘ Thy prayers were said ; but didst thou pray
With fervent wish, with hope set true ?
Think Who it was that deigned to say,
“ I longed to eat this Pasch with you ; ”
Didst thou respond to His desire,
And salt thy sacrifice with fire ?²

‘ Ah, long for Him, the Sovereign Good,
As watchers for the orient beam,
As hungry travellers for their food,
As thirsting hart for woodland stream !
Of this be sure,—who crave His grace,
Of them He says, “ They seek My face.”

¹ Newman, Sermons, i. 185.

² Mark ix. 49.

‘ All-patient on His throne above,
 He waits for fruit to come from seed,
And trains and warms us into love
 By gradual sense of inmost need ;
That deep experience, once confessed,
May win for thee His very best.

‘ For He is Love, and Love hath store
 Of help that none e'er sought in vain ;
Desire His presence more and more,
 And ask as meaning to obtain ;
Bring to His feast this Peniel-prayer,
And all His joy shall meet thee there.’

Delays not Denials.

‘Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt.’—MATT. xv. 28.

‘FROM the deep I cry aloud,
And He knows my will is true :
Yet He veils Him with a cloud,
That my prayer may not pass through ;¹
Can it magnify His word,
That I pray and am not heard ?

‘"Tis no earthly boon I seek ;
"Tis but help for inward need ;
When the assaulted soul is weak,
Satan’s darts will make it bleed ;
What I crave and cannot win
Is the strength to master sin.’

¹ Lam. iii. 44.

Ah ! but wherefore take on thee
God's own times and ways to rule ?
Seems it nothing thus to be
Tutored in His patience-school ?
If He choose thy faith to test,
Let Him do what seems Him best.

Wait—as dogs beneath the board
Wistful look for falling crumbs ;
Wait—as watchers for their lord
Slack not vigil till he comes ;
Grace deferred is not denied,—
No, but oft intensified.¹

So she learned, and, learning, taught,
Who, by no repulse repelled,
Just because she still besought
What in semblance Christ withheld,
Earned the blessing, doubly dear,
Stored for those who persevere.

¹ Pusey, *Parochial Sermons*, ii. 176.

‘Knowledge of Thy Truth.’

‘GRANT us the knowledge of Thy truth ;’
Fit prayer for Christian men to say,
Brought to the Master’s school in youth,
And scholars till their latest day.

Not restless seekers for a creed,
Whirled to and fro by doctrines vain ;
Not random builders, still in need
To lay their groundworks o’er again ;

But learners, craving broader light,
Of that one Vision more to see,
Which, coming from the Infinite,
Partakes of His immensity.

Nor dream of light from love apart ;
Mere headwork leaves us darkling still ;
There needs a cleansed and yearning heart,
A loyal sympathy of will.

For rays from sacred lore that shine
A Person set in fuller view ;
And none can know the truth divine,
But they that are in Christ the True.

Agnosticism.

‘THE Lord our God, one Lord is He !’
So speaks the Hebrew creed ;
‘Be sure,’ the Hebrew Psalmist adds,
‘That He is God indeed.’

‘Be not so sure,’ say modern guides ;
‘Enough for thoughtful men
To own some primal force at work
Beyond the senses’ ken.

‘Some force—but is it some One too,
With force-directing will?—
Ah, question hopeless from the first !
Why vainly probe it still ?

‘ If priests or seers have claimed to know,
They have but hoped or guessed ;
And phantom-knowledge shames us more
Than ignorance confessed.

‘ Wouldst thou be wise ?—accept thy lot ;
Let all false lights go by ;
Without illusions dare to live,
And self-sustained to die.’

What think’st thou, friend, of this new lore ?
To thee, perchance, it seems
A hardy choice of pure cold fact
In place of soothing dreams.

Yet, ere thou bid its tenfold night
O’er all thy being roll,
Bethink thee—much is dim or dark,
But hast thou not a soul ?

Look full into thy spirit-self ;
Its world of mystery scan ;
What if thy way to faith in God
Should lie through faith in man ?

‘ I am, I can, I ought, I need ; ’
This consciousness of thine
May teach thee that our human life
Leans on a Life Divine ;

A Personality supreme,
A Mind whose will is might,
A Judge whose dooms, through conscience heard,
Are laws of moral right ;¹

A fontal archetype of love,
In whose parental breast
These craving hearts of ours can find
Their object and their rest :

¹ Newman, *Apologia*, p. 323.

Hear thou the witness in thyself,
Affirming, 'This is He
In whom alone can thought and life
Explain themselves for thee.'

And if thou hear, and heed, and trust,
A further step is won ;
Well mayst thou deem that such a God
Would not withhold His Son ;

By Him, as Jesus manifest,
Would cleanse us and restore,
And in that perfect truth and grace
Reveal Himself the more.

'My soul--my God--my Christ !' of faith
Behold the groundworks three ;
These give her strength to stand through time,
And face eternity.

¶Faith.

‘I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear ; but now
mine eye seeth Thee.’—JOB XLII. 5.

‘WE walk by faith, and not by open sight ;
In part we know, and through a glass we see :’
“Tis well ; no room, with evidence too bright,
For trust and homage free.

But weakness oft will crave for stronger proof :
‘ For us,’ men say, ‘ the mirror’s face is blurred ;
If He is near, He seems to bide aloof ;
Would He but speak one word !

‘ Not better,—no, but other than our sires,
We scarce can lean on what for them sufficed ;
Our age, perchance, new argument requires
For holding on to Christ.

‘ Men drop the Bethlehem creed—nor that alone ;
Straight to the end the path of doubt is trod ;
Its travellers tell us, “ Nothing can be known
Of Him you call your God.” ’

What if they fail to find, who seek amiss ?
‘ To lose the centre is to lose the whole :
To such reporters be our answer this—
‘ I know Him through my soul ;

‘ Know Him as imaged in the Son He sent,
Who stooped so low, to lift us up so high :
On such a Christ as man could ne’er invent
Man’s heart may well rely.’

One Christ for all, and fully Christ for each !
So haply, as at Eucharist we knelt,
Something that thrilled us more than touch or speech
Has made its presence felt,

And round us drawn a lucid atmosphere
Of self- commanding truth and love and might,
And raised our faith from hearing of the ear
To sweet foretaste of sight.

Love.

‘If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema.’—**I COR. XVI. 22.**

ARE we of those who, knowing, love not Thee ?
Lies there on us the ban of holy Paul,
Since, matched with his, our Christward loyalty
Seems hardly love at all ?

No steadfast flame—a glimmer at the best,
Feeble and fitful, dying quickly down :
And do we thus requite Thee, Saviour blest,
For cross and thorny crown ?

O how to win the power of hearty love,
To feel its life through all our being poured ?
First own we this—it cometh from above,
And Thou must send it, Lord !

‘ Whate’er ye ask the Father in My Name,
That will He freely give,—that will I do ; ’¹
Look now on us that ask ; admit the claim
That knows Thy promise true.

Yes ! they that seek in faith will love insure,
Yet not by transport-flash, which oft misleads ;
High feelings nought of vital force secure
Till rendered into deeds.

Strive for one day to make each word and thought,
Each wish and act, what Jesus would approve ;
And He, at eve, will take what thou hast brought,
And write it down as—love.

¹ John xvi. 23 ; xiv. 13.

Fear.

‘Perfect love casteth out fear.’—I JOHN IV. 18.

‘Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.’—
PHIL. II. 12.

THE fear that perfect love casts out,

What is it but a loveless fear ?

The fruit of dull mistrustful doubt

If man, in sooth, to God is dear ;

Or dread of pain for pain’s own sake,

As vengeance which an outraged Power

Must needs inexorably take

For ills that stained a transient hour.

Yet all that scares a soul from crime

In God’s great scheme hath work and place ;

It gives the conscience rallying-time,

And clears the ground for higher grace.

And when that grace has done its part,
And flashed its splendours through our creed
And taught us how a Father's heart
Is yearning o'er His children's need ;

And when that fire of ruth divine
Calls forth in us a living glow ;
When, answering to the breath benign,
The ice breaks up, the waters flow ;

Then, like a stab, the thought shoots in—
‘ What if I grieve a Lord like this ?
What if, at last, persistent sin
Should cut me off from Him and His ? ’

‘ Let him alone ’—O mark it well !—
Were direr than mere penal rod ;
The all-including woe of Hell
Is self-inflicted loss of God.

Who of his frailness takes account
Will keep the warning prospect near,
And draw from holy love's own fount
The saving force of holy fear.

Forebodings.

'Take therefore no thought for the morrow.'—MATT. VI.

'BEWARE of anxious thought,' He saith,
Who knew what was in man :
On bodeful cares that poison faith
So Love hath set its ban.

Soul, that hast proved Him through the past
Is He not with thee still ?
Why strain thy fancy to forecast
The shapes of future ill ?

Haply it may not come at all ;¹
Or, grant that come it must,
They best will face what may befall
Who fret not, and who trust.

¹ Imit. Christi, iii. 30.

Wait till the trial-hour, and ask
 His grace to bear thee through,
Who gives each day its proper task,
 But not the morrow's too.

And so, whate'er the clouds may bring
 That o'er the deep arise,—

The loss of props to which we cling,
 Of comforts that we prize ;

Or, deadlier foe than private grief,
 A storm set free to roar
Against the walls of half-belief,
 Low-built on sandy shore ;

Then, wilt Thou but our faith increase,
 This word our own shall be :
'Thou keep'st him, Lord, in perfect peace,
 Whose mind is stayed on Thee.'¹

¹ Isa. xxvi. 3.

Latter Years.

‘They also shall bring forth more fruit in their age.’
Ps. xcii. 13.

O’ER paths familiar to our tread
Stern Autumn strews the foliage sere ;
And instinct whispers low, ‘I dread
The sombre “fall” of life’s long year ;
Not chiefly for the sure decay,
Which makes the outward man its prey.

‘No—worse than this the inward change
On mind and will and feelings wrought ;
The narrowing of affection’s range,
The stiffness that impedes the thought ;
The lapse of joy from less to less,
The daily deepening loneliness.’

A voice responds : 'It need not be ;
Refuse to grow at all points old ;
Keep fresh the stream of sympathy,
On no pure interest loose thy hold ;
His own true self he ne'er survives,
Who strikes a root in other lives.

' But listless torpor, wayward gloom,
And moods that sap the moral powers,—
To no such foes of peace give room,
But make the best of granted hours ;
Whene'er thou dream'st of friends' neglect,
Thy weal, that day, is foully wrecked.

' Those helps and comforts Heaven hath sent
Through tenderness that holds thee dear,
O prize them as a sacrament
Of Love in its divinest sphere ;
Of Love that made, and leads us on,
And stays, though all beside be gone.

‘Wouldst thou renew thy spirit’s youth,
And save thy heart from drought and chill?
Commit thee to the grace and truth
Which all our voids can more than fill;
Whose touch can feeble plants prepare
E’en in their age some fruit to bear.’

The Commendation of the Dying.

INTO thy hands, good Lord,
 This precious soul we give,
Amid thy glistening jewel-hoard
 Of quickened stones to live :
Now, Saviour, let Thy loving eyes
 Our darling deign to recognise,
A work of Thy creative mould,
 A sheep of Thy protected fold,
A sinner, from the fiery flood
 Redeemed by Thine atoning blood.

Receive, with arms outspread,
 A prize that cost Thee dear !
"Tis Easter round this dying-bed,
 When our true Life draws near ;

The thought of Thy forsaken tomb
With brightness cheers this awful gloom,
The stifling, sickening airs of death
Are freshened by Thine odorous breath,
And Hades-gates are glorified
At sight of Him that lives—and died.

Out of this vale of tears,
O Christian soul, depart ;
From wearing pains, and haunting fears,
And griefs that rend the heart,
Accept His sentence of release,
That speeds thee forth in solemn peace,
By dim dread paths before unknown,
But close beneath His mercy-throne,
To broadening light and deepening rest,
Till Heaven shall make thee fully blest.

Out of this world of sin,
O Christian soul, depart ;
And trust a blood-washed robe to win,
Full-pardoned as thou art ;

O crown of joys ! no more to stray,
No more to take thy own wild way,
No more the Friend of friends to leave,
No more His patient Spirit grieve ;
What promise sweet or boon secure
Can match those words, ' I make thee pure ? '

We needs must let thee go,
Though sore the blank and loss ;
And He that could so much bestow
May well impose a cross :
To us thou never canst return,
But we the more will strive and yearn
To follow where thy steps have trod,
Still closely knit to thee in God,
In death to feel thy Shepherd's hand,
And greet thee in the better land.

So now—let Him arise,
And put thy foes to flight ;
For thee this day let Paradise
Fling wide her portals bright ;

Fenced round about by holiest things,
From Satan screened by Angel-wings,
To God who made thee, God who bought,
And God whose grace thy cleansing wrought,
That hell no part in thee should claim,
Go—in the all-victorious Name.¹

¹ Compare the form in Bishop Cosin's *Devotions*, and the
'Proficiscere anima Christiana' and 'Commendo te' of the Roman
'Ordo Commendationis.'





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